

# THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

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### GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks. They beat all the aunts in creation; they let a chap do what he likes, and don't worry about education. I am sure I can't see it at all. What a poor fellow ever could do for apples and peaches and cakes, without a grandmother or two. And if he is bad now and then, and makes a great racketing noise, they only look over their speck. And say, "Ah, boys will be boys!" "Life is only short at the best; let the children be happy to-day. They will look for a while at the sky, and the hills that are far, far away. Quite often as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns very low to themselves, as they rock by the fire, about heaven, and where they shall go. And then a boy stopping to think, will find a hot tear in his eye. For grandmothers all have to die. I wish they could stay here and pray. For a boy needs their prayers every night. So they pray more than others. I know—such as I need a wonderful sight.

### THE MAID AND THE POROUS PLASTER.

"Oh, whither, now, my pretty maid?" Inquired the kind old pastor; "I goeth now to town," she said, "To get a porous plaster." "Oh, why dost want, my pretty maid, upon the cow?" he asked her; "Has rheumatism?" the pastor said, "Or hast thou met disaster?" "Oh, sir, I fear," the maiden said, "That sore we need the plaster; our bridled cow has raised old Ned, and kicked Sal in the pasture." "And thou wilt use it, pretty maid, upon the cow?" he asked her; "Oh, no, you fool," the maiden said, "Not on the cow, did I blast her?" "What then wilt do, my pretty gal, with this porous plaster?" "I'll use it where the cow kicked Sal. But I don't mean on the pasture." "For the honor of the family." BY A. D.

### FOR THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY.

"Mr. Terrill's compliments, and he sends you these flowers." Helen Ashton wheeled about suddenly on the music-stool, her face pale, and a flash of aversion in her pretty brown eyes. Her mother stood at her side with a bouquet of exquisite flowers. "See how beautiful they are, Helen!" she went on eagerly; "Mr. Terrill has such taste! And this bracelet which accompanies them—is it not exquisite?" Helen took the bracelet in her hand; a handsome affair, it was set with brilliant stones. She turned it over slowly, mechanically. "I detest him," she burst forth at last. Mrs. Ashton looked alarmed. "Good heavens, Helen!" she remonstrated; "how can you? Why, he is the wealthiest man in Lonesdale." "And saying that, you say all!" retorted the girl bitterly. "Mother, mother, you are not doing right to urge me into this marriage! It is you who desired me to promise to Mr. Terrill's wife, that we might be spared the disgrace which threatened us. Mother, you remember the day that we discovered Brother John's crime—that he had forged Mr. Terrill's name to a check, and ruin and disgrace were upon us; which he, Mr. Terrill, promised to avert if I would become his wife. He agreed to let the matter drop, and not to prosecute brother, not to expose him, but promised to hush the matter up, and no one would ever know. How my heart ached; but I loved my brother, and so I gave my consent, and John was saved by the sacrifice of my happiness; for, mother, if I marry Warren Terrill I shall never be happy again."

Mrs. Ashton's face was stern and inflexible, and her eyes wore a hard expression. "Helen, child, you are very romantic and fanciful! You will get over all this foolishness about Mr. Terrill, as well as your fancy for Alton Arnold!" "Mother! mother! I love Alton; I have loved him for years. And it will nearly kill him, when he learns that I have broken faith with him, and for a man like Warren Terrill!" "Mr. Terrill is worth half a million!" persisted her mother, "and Alton Arnold is only a poor doctor, and will never be anything more. Helen, I desire that you cease your weeping, and this mourning over what can never be, and make up your mind to marry Mr. Terrill and be happy!" Helen bowed her head submissively, but her brown eyes were full of unshed tears. She arose from the piano and went upstairs to her own room. It was horrible to sacrifice her future—her happiness—her hopes—for the sake of the selfish brother who had done wrong, and then weakly laid the burden of his sin upon his mother and sister to bear as best they could. John Ashton had been spoiled from his childhood; and had grown up with no stability, no self-reliance, but weak, yielding, and vacillating. For the honor of the family, Helen had consented to Mr. Terrill's terms, and the ugly secret would remain a secret forever—but to do this she must sacrifice all. For her heart belonged to Alton Arnold, and it seemed to her that day that she could not give him up! The young physician had gone away to a distant State to establish a practice—he knew nothing of what was transpiring at home, and Helen shrank from the task before her, of revealing all. But it must be done. To him alone would she reveal the truth, the crime which her brother had committed. So she took courage, and seating herself at her desk, she wrote him a long, long letter, and told him all. "It will break my heart to give you up, Alton," she wrote, "but for the honor of my family I must sacrifice myself!"

Two weeks later, walking through a secluded street, Helen came face to face with her lover, Alton Arnold. She uttered a low cry as he halted and extended both his hands. "My darling," he whispered, "I have come back to you, Helen, I want you to be my wife at once—do not refuse me! You shall not ruin your own life for your brother's sake, and Terrill is an unscrupulous scoundrel to exact such a price for his secret!" He pleaded with Helen for hours; but she remained firm and unyielding. She could not endure the shame of exposure, the knowledge that her only brother must serve his time in prison with the vilest criminals. And so at last the lovers parted, both nearly heart broken. Helen summoned all her courage and fortitude to bear the trial before her. She went to work at her mother's bidding to prepare for her wedding; and one day she stood up at Warren Terrill's side and the words were spoken which made her his wife. She hated him; she felt that to him she owed all her sorrow; but he was her husband now, and she resolved to bear her burden as bravely as possible. Days, weeks and months glided into years, and Helen Terrill still lived, for we do not die when all that makes life sweet dies to us. And then something terrible occurred. One day Warren Terrill was brought home fatally injured by a fall from a runaway horse; he was placed in bed, and a half-dozen grave-looking physicians took him in charge. "Hopeless!" they pronounced the case. The injured man heard the verdict and smiled sadly. "My wife!" he moaned feebly; "I want my wife!" Helen came to his side; he took her hand, and his dying eyes gazed into hers. "Listen!" he said faintly, "I have something to confess to you, Helen, and my time for confession is short! Helen, I have deceived you grossly. Your brother did not forge my name to that check; he is innocent of any crime. He was intoxicated, and I made him believe that he had written my signature, but it was in reality my own work. He was so young; I frightened him easily; and so—you know the rest! Helen, I have wrecked your life and ruined your happiness; tell me, am I beyond pardon? I am dying, you know; and, oh, God, I loved you so!"

### NO MISTAKE OF HEERS

At noon a girl about 19 years old, and wearing a somewhat faded costume, came up to the delivery window of the post-office, threw down a letter and said to the clerk: "Is that air stamp all squeak gee?" "Yes, it seems to be all right." "An' is the address writ so's thar kin be no show of it's gittin' off'n the trail an' monkeyn' all 'round the country afore it gets to whar' it's addressed?" "Oh, I guess so." "I don't want no guess work about it, for that's a matter of life and death. If that letter'll go straight say so, and if it won't, Alton Arnold, who died, and he has left me his fortune! I am a rich man now, and I have come for my wife!" "Joy seldom kills. Helen married the man of her choice, and they lived very happily—notwithstanding all the long years of her life which she had sacrificed 'for the honor of the family.'"

### WORTH OWNING.

A Ranch Larger than the State of Rhode Island Owned by one Man. The largest ranch in the world is that of Mr. Charles Goodnight, who has 700,000 acres surrounded by 250 miles of barbed wire fence, at the headwaters of the Red river in the Panhandle. Mr. Goodnight's cattle are as finely bred as any in the State, as he has graded them up by introducing the best foreign breeds, and in the market these bring fifteen to twenty per cent. more than those from other ranches. His 700,000 acres of land were bought at 50 cents and \$1 an acre within the last three or four years, but could be sold readily at double that price to-day. When it is considered that the State of Rhode Island contains only 674,000 acres, it will be realized that Mr. Goodnight owns what the ranchmen call "quite a spot of land." Mr. Goodnight's experience has been quite remarkable. He used to be a banker at Pueblo, Cal., and while there bought a bunch of cattle—a thousand or so—and gave them to his wife. It proved to be a very wise investment and a wiser gift, for in the financial depression that followed the panic of 1873 he failed, and in 1876 found himself penniless, even the ranch on which his wife's cattle were pastured being surrendered to his creditors. After settling his affairs his health was very much impaired; and he drove the cattle down into the Panhandle of Texas, where they could find a free range and he could rusticate a while. While there he discovered what he then insisted, and other people since acknowledged, to be the finest ranch in the world, and as lands were worth next to nothing he prevailed upon John Adair, an Irish millionaire, to loan him the money to purchase the land and more cattle. The result was a partnership arrangement, by which Adair furnished the funds and Goodnight had a third interest in the property acquired. Although it was only seven years ago that he failed completely, Goodnight is now worth more than a million dollars and no money would buy him out. Adair comes over from Ireland to visit the ranch every year and finds the \$500,000 he loaned Goodnight has quadrupled under the influence of Texas atmosphere. The ranch will carry three times as many cattle as are now pastured upon it—some 60,000—and the herd is being increased and improved in quality each year.

### TRADES VS. PROFESSION.

If a boy reads the papers in these days, he will see much about work and learning to work. He will hear much of the difficulty of getting good workman. He will hear of the new schools for boys, where carpentry, bricklaying, painting, carriage making and many other trades are taught. Of course, he means to do something himself, but somehow he does not care for these splendid new schools. It is nothing to him that good workman are scarce, and always find good wages. He does not propose to soil his hands, and wear rough clothes like a workman. My cheerful young man, are you sure that you know what you are talking about? What do clerks earn? How much does a young doctor receive? Oh! but you don't mean to be a poor clerk. You intend to be a great lawyer with \$10,000 a year, or a doctor with a carriage. Charming to hear it. It is a noble resolve, but are you sure you will get there? Really, now, how can a young man tell, how can he be sure he will succeed? In this way. A man succeeds who falls in love with the work. He thinks about it day and night, he studies it; he reads all he can on the subject. He tries and tries till he can do it well. Then he succeeds. You do not care much about medicine; you have no burning desire to study this magnificent machine, the human body. You don't care very much for the dreadful work of hospitals, and yet you mean to be a doctor. You would, secretly, much prefer to have a kit of carvers' tools, but, of course, you could never be a carver by trade! Let us stop here. This is the summing up of a vast deal of homely wisdom. Do you love any work? Is there anything that if you were independent, you would do before anything else? If there is—do that. There is your success; the way lies all the money, the rewards, the respect of others, and all the real honest happiness you will ever find. Boys make a mistake in thinking that only the lawyers and doctors and merchants succeed. It is a terrible blunder to leave a trade in which you may make a first class workman and have a chance to win a home, comfort and independence, to go into a profession you do not love. There is only one end on that road—a life of ill-paid drudgery and failure after all. Look at yourself; you are to yourself the most important personage in the world. Find out what sort of a man you have in the little. What is your body good for? What sort of a mind have you received? Look at your tools—your hands, your senses, your brain. What will they do best—make shoes or preach a sermon? Choose now according to your tools, according to your love of work. Shoemaking may lead to a great fortune, while preaching may bring you to the "Home for Decayed Parsons." On the other hand, preaching may be the thing. There is only one fellow can decide this for you, and he lives in your house.—Golden Rule.

### THE COMING AMERICAN NOVELIST.

The coming novelist of American life will be a satirist, and will nearly resemble Thackeray in his motives, if not in his methods. This much it is safe to predict: First, because an author could not be characteristically American without a large share of humor in his composition; and second, because American life offers yearly more provocations to satire. Not that our people have not humor, candor, earnestness, tenderness, and host of good qualities for serious and sympathetic treatment, but because an analysis of our politics and our society will discover so many tempting points of ridicule and attack, yet these withal, so innocent and ingenious that bitterness and scorn will seem hardly called for. The coming novelist must be a satirist. Indeed, so rich are the materials at hand, that with only enough race sensitivity he will produce the best novel of the day. And we need the American novel. We want somebody to "show us up." We are getting so degenerate as we grow older, setting up so many false Gods, falling in to such absurd habits, nay, convicting ourselves of so much dishonesty, hypocrisy, indifference, meanness, snobbishness; to showing ourselves, in short, so wanting in the sturdy, downright manliness and self-respect, bequeathed us by our fathers and inculcated in their works, that we sadly need the corrective lash. And of all goods to Americans, ridicule stings most. Let us have someone then to laugh at us from among ourselves. We won't love him, perhaps—but we will admire and read him.—N. Y. Star.

### THE WIVES OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.

Nearly all the recent premiers of England have enjoyed the advantage of having had wives of great devotion and considerable ability, to whose tender care and sympathy in their ambition they have been largely indebted. The devotion of the countess of Russell, who is still living, and the countess of Beaconsfield had something of romance. Mrs. Gladstone, who is nearly the same age as the premier, accompanies her husband, and frequently remains in the ladies' gallery to the close of the night's sitting. Lord Palmerston, more than perhaps any other minister, however, was indebted for his position and his maintenance to his wife, who was physically and mentally a remarkable woman. Up to her death in 1869 at eighty-five, four years after her husband, she could read without glasses, and talked with all the fire and energy of a young woman of the first. Her voice was most cheery, musical and soft. Her eyes were of bright blue, and in spite of a very evident wig, she was a very handsome old lady. She had some peculiarities, always shook hands with her left hand, and pronounced gold "gould," and china "cheeny."

### SPOLIING A SWINDLER'S TRICK.

The Hon. James Gallagher, of New Haven, met with a lively young person who accosted him on Tuesday as he was leaving his hotel in New York as "Mr. —." "That is not my name," said he; "my name is Gallagher, and I'm from New Haven. A few minutes later another brisk and bustling person seized him by the hand with "Why, how do you do, Mr. Gallagher? When did you leave New Haven?" and proceeded to tell him that he was a son of Governor English, of New Haven, had lately returned from Europe, and just been up to New Haven to see his mother, etc., etc. Mr. Gallagher returned the greeting with great heartiness, was delighted to see Mr. English, and especially glad to hear that he had been on a visit to his mother. "Your mother," he said kindly, but firmly, "has been in Heaven ten years. I am glad to hear from her." The young man looked puzzled a moment, and then, like the other young man in Scripture, "went away exceeding sorrowful."

### DRINKING WHILE EATING.

Nature never intended for people to wash down their food while eating. She has wisely placed salivary glands in various places in our mouths; they secrete a fluid for the moistening, besides a chemical action of the food after mastication. This gets the food in a suitable condition for swallowing. Drinking every few minutes while eating prevents the usual flow of saliva; also it washes it down before it can have a chemical action on certain portions of the food. One of the most pernicious habits to health is drinking several tumblers of water while eating; better drink warm drinks. The stomach will not digest one particle of food when it has a temperature below 100 degrees Fahrenheit; neither will it digest one atom of food until all the fluid is first absorbed. No healthy person should drink more than a half-pint of some mild fluid while taking food, and dyspeptics should not drink a drop while they are eating, nor for three or four hours after. Mr. Quinn, the actor, upon his first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for everything, and at the end of a week complained to Nash, who had invited him thither as the cheapest place in England. The master of the ceremonies, who knew that Quinn relished a pun, replied: "They have acted by you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" says Quinn. "Why," answered Nash, "you were a stranger, and they took you in." "Ay," replied Quinn, "but they sinned me instead of clothed me."

### A WHOPPER.

An Elk county farmer had suffered so much from the depredations of hen-hawks that he had a hen made of lead, which he placed in a conspicuous part of the barnyard. The discovery of the plucky little blue-wing when he pounced on the leaden dominion was a source of the most intense satisfaction to the sturdy son of Elk. He forbid the boys shooting any more chicken-hawks, and when they change the location of the hen frequently. Every Sunday he would give it a different coat of paint so as to make it look like another chicken. Last Wednesday, while the family was at dinner, a big eagle swooped down on the dummy and carried it off. At the height of about one hundred feet it discovered the trick and let it drop. The next instant it went crashing through the roof of the kitchen, where the family were at dinner, and landed it in a pot on the stove.

### A SHEET-IRON HEN.

Charles Kugle, an ingenious fellow in Barnesville, Ohio, has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, full size, cackles, clucks, and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hen-hawk in the country. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink, or polecat pounces on it the back springs open and the wings fly up and force the assailant onto a ravenously buzz saw that makes 1,700 revolutions per minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings, and begins to cackle as though it had just laid an egg. One winding up will answer for three maces, providing the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up too much with the blood, bones and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry last Wednesday, which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to a doctor who had been pecking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. The hen is there still but the cat is hence.

### LINCOLN'S INVENTIONS.

Among the curiosities at the Patent Office is a model of an invention patented by Abraham Lincoln, May 22, 1849, and probably whittled out by Lincoln's own hand. The invention is for carrying river steamboats over shoal places, especially destined for Mississippi steamers. It consists of two bellows shaped appliances placed at either side of the boat under the guards, and inflated by means of poles projecting up through the upper deck. The idea was never put into use to any extent, the boatmen preferring the old-fashioned method of "spar-ring" the boat over the shoals.

### TOUGH TRUTHS.

A Few Strange Stories Dished up in Short Chapters. A ROLLING BALL. Week before last two Nevada miners went up the mountain above their new cabin, located on Alum Creek, to stake off claims. The snow being soft and tempting, one of them made a snowball and threw it at the other, who returned the fire. His ball missed and went over the slope which is nearly a mile long. First it rolled down the incline slyly, gathering in volume as it went until it was as big as a barrel; then it bounded over a little bluff and broke into a half a dozen or more pieces, each of which started on its own hook. The further they went the larger they got and the greater their velocity, until they knocked trees down, picked up huge boulders, logs, and stumps, leaving a streak of bare earth 150 feet wide. One of them struck the new cabin and absorbed it so completely that there was not a vestige of it left. The men went up to Hawthorne and got a tent and some blankets. They now camp on top of the mountain. WASTED, AN EXPLANATION. Harry Edwards, of Hudson, Ky., cut down a large tree that had been standing in an open field on his farm for nearly seventy years. The fall caused it to split open near the top. A few inches from the heart of the tree, and seventy-two feet from the ground, was found a penknife embedded in the solid wood. The large blade is intact, but the others have evidently been broken off before getting into the tree. The bone handles have been entirely absorbed, the steel blades and brass rivets alone remaining. FLIES AS PETS. The story is told by the Philadelphia Record that Mr. Forestel, of that city, tamed two flies. They came to him when he lunched night after night. As time went on Mr. Forestel and the flies became famous friends, and a considerable degree of intimacy has grown up. So friendly have the two become that they will permit themselves to be handled, and the other night this familiarity came near having a tragic ending. Mr. Forestel, in a fit of absent-mindedness, picked up a portion of bread upon which one of his winged guests was perched. The fly thinking he was safe in the hands of his human friend, did not disturb himself, and was half way in a big, hungry human mouth before a mutual discovery of the horrible mistake saved his fly-ship's life. The flies at first would not appear if another person than their host were present, but they have gradually become accustomed to others. On the nights when Mr. Forestel is not on duty others have gotten out their lunches on the table a ways used by the former. The flies would come as usual, but, after making a brief but careful reconnaissance, would hastily fly away without their usual meal. A WHOPPER. An Elk county farmer had suffered so much from the depredations of hen-hawks that he had a hen made of lead, which he placed in a conspicuous part of the barnyard. The discovery of the plucky little blue-wing when he pounced on the leaden dominion was a source of the most intense satisfaction to the sturdy son of Elk. He forbid the boys shooting any more chicken-hawks, and when they change the location of the hen frequently. Every Sunday he would give it a different coat of paint so as to make it look like another chicken. Last Wednesday, while the family was at dinner, a big eagle swooped down on the dummy and carried it off. At the height of about one hundred feet it discovered the trick and let it drop. The next instant it went crashing through the roof of the kitchen, where the family were at dinner, and landed it in a pot on the stove.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Strong evidence that cannibalism was practiced among some of the prehistoric inhabitants of Europe has been discovered in a cave near Brunswick, Germany. In Belgium and Spain similar evidence had been found before, but had been dismissed as doubtful. At Kalmar, Sweden, the moon's color was lately observed to change to an emerald green on the passage of a light haze over its disc. The phenomenon occurred during a brilliant purple sunset, and lasted about three minutes. Near Stockholm a similar appearance was witnessed at about sunrise. The objects collected by the French scientific expedition to Cape Horn are to be publicly exhibited at Paris. In addition to a large number of mineralogical, geological and zoological specimens, the collection includes living plants, and it is proposed to acclimatize these as far as possible in French forests. Two German chemists have investigated some cases of poisoning by asparagus which had been put up in tin cans. They were surprised to find that the juice which had been in contact with the cans contained no tin, while the vegetable itself yielded about one twenty-fifth of one per cent. An analysis of canned apricots and strawberries gave similar results, showing no tin in the syrups, but a small proportion in the fruit. They consider that the tin is injurious to health if the canned substances is long continued. The causelessness of excluding American pork from French markets has been recognized by the Paris academy of medicine by a nearly unanimous vote against prohibiting the sale of such pork. Mons. Colin stated to the academy that trichinosis in man is extremely rare, at least in France. Trichinosis pork is, moreover, rendered harmless by salting and by cooking. By experiment he has ascertained that the trichinae are completely destroyed within an average time of fifteen or twenty days after the salting of the pork, although in large pieces they may live two or three months. The Cholera Germ.—It is reported that a most interesting and important discovery has been made by the German doctors who have been investigating the cholera epidemics in Egypt and India. In a water-tank near Calcutta these scientists have found the microscopic organisms, or bacilli, which they had already proven to exist in all cases of cholera and in no other disease. The tank was used by persons among whom the cholera appeared, and it has been shown that the organisms diminished in numbers as the disease died away. It now remains to determine whether the bacilli of the tank were the cause or a result of the cholera, as it has not yet been proven that the organisms produce the disease. The Electricity of Thunder Storms.—It has recently been shown experimentally that atmospheric electricity is not produced by the evaporation of water or by the condensation of vapor. A German investigator, I. Zehender, now expresses the opinion that it is caused by the friction of air currents on the surface of the earth. At the equator the positively charged air rises and becomes distributed throughout the upper regions of the atmosphere. The tension of the electricity, according to this theory, is at first slight, but it is increased by the inflow of slightly charged air, until it becomes so great that the positive electricity is discharged by combinid with the negative electricity of the earth, thus giving rise to thunder-storms, aurora, etc. "BLANK IT, REMAIN." A Holt county lawyer, with little education, but a great desire to show that little off by using big words, stopped at the Bacon House last night. He came in early in the evening, and after supper he took a brief turn about town. At nine o'clock he returned to the hotel, and after warming himself at the radiator, walked up to the counter, and leaning over, said to Charles Bacon: "Well, Mr. Clerk, I believe I'll remain!" "All right," said Charlie, "we will endeavor to make it pleasant for you." After standing a moment, Mr. Lawyer walked back to the radiator, where he stood fully five minutes, at the end of which time he again approached the counter, and as before remarked: "I believe I'll remain!" "All right, sir," said Charlie, wondering if the man was insane. Mr. Lawyer stood at the counter several moments, and seeing no sign of getting what he wanted again said: "Young man, didn't I tell you several times that I wanted to remain, I tell you again I want to remain!" This somewhat riled the always affable clerk, and prefixing his remarks with words not found in Sunday-school literature, he said "Blank it, remain." "Young man," said the lawyer, "you are a fool; you don't know anything. In plain English, I want to go to bed!" "Oh," said Charlie, "why didn't you say so before?" "Why, didn't I?" asked the irritated man. "No you didn't, you said you wanted to remain, and I told you to remain three times. You made a mistake, that's all, you mean't to say retire, didn't you?" "Oh, yes," said the man doggedly. "Let's have some cigars; my mistake and your treat." The man went to bed in rather a mournful state of mind.—[St. Joseph, Missouri, News. Senator Pendleton will deliver the oration at the Mecklenburg celebration at Charlotte, N. C., May 30th.